Daily Eagle.

SUPPLEMENT

CARELESS DOCTORS.

CRIMINALLY SERIOUS SLIPS MADE IN WRITING PRESCRIPTIONS.

Physicians, and Not Druggists, Generally to Blame for Accidents in Putting Up Medicines—How Mistakes Frequently Occur—Another Evil.

How often do we hear of a fatal error made by some sleepy or negligent druggist's clerk, compounding morphine for quinine, laudanum for paregoric or oxalic acid for Epsom salts. How seldom do we hear of the criminal carelessness or murderous errors made by physicians themselves in writing their prescriptions. I am satisfied, after careful examination, that the latter exceed the former ten to one, and that the services of the coroner are not oftener required is due alone to a fact notorious in the profession, that a competent druggist carefully studies every prescription calling for powerful drugs, and himself corrects the doctor's mistakes. One serious error by a druggist winds up his business in rapid order. There is no one to stand between the incompetent druggist and his victim, but the careless doctor can depend with reasonable assurance upon the strong probability that if his figures are wrong and the dose of the drug is double what it should be, the pharmacist's trained eye will detect the slip or the ignorance and put in the right quantity.

I asked a prominent druggist the other day if he often had to correct prescriptions. He smiled. "I never correct a physician's prescription," he replied. "My business is pharmacy, not medicine."

"But in case you got an order calling for ten grains of strychnine, to be taken at once?"

"I would not fill it. I would send it back to the physician with a polite note of inquiry. That would be the retort courteous."

"Do you examine all prescriptions you compound with a view to possible errors?"

"Certainly. Every druggist is compelled to do that in self protection. For example, here is a prescription sent here a few weeks ago.

"Now this, as you see, called for twenty pills of sulphate of morphine, gelatine coated, each to contain two grains."

"Did you refuse it?"

"No, I filled it—and there was no funeral followed. I gave ten two-grain pills of sulphate of quinine, gelatine coated, for I knew that to be what the physician intended to prescribe. He is getting a little old now and sometimes makes a slip of that kind, but we always manage to set it right. About four months ago one of my clerks brought me a prescription calling for one gramme of bichloride of mercury, or corrosive sublimate, in eight pills. A gramme is sixteen grains, which would have made the dose two grains in each pill—enough to kill an elephant. I sent the prescription to the physician. He erased gramme and wrote grain, even then prescribing the maximum dose of the drug—one-eighth of a grain."

"Could not gramme be easily mistaken for grain?"

"Most easily. Gramme is usually abbreviated thus, 'gm.,' while grain is 'gr.' Many physicians use the metric system, and specify the weight in grammes. Now, if only one drug is ordered the sign 'gm.' may easily be read 'gr.,' and the patient will get only one-sixteenth of the amount intended, or, vice versa, he may get sixteen times too much. The latter case is not so probable, for the druggist's knowledge of doses would interfere. But such a prescription falling into the hands of an ignorant clerk could easily furnish business for the undertaker and no one be the wiser."

"How often is the judgment of the druggist called into play over such questions?"

"With us it is a matter of almost daily occurrence, but of course we handle a large number of prescriptions. Most of the puzzles are due to the wretched handwriting affected by some doctors."

I asked another leading uptown druggist concerning his experience with errors in prescriptions.

"They have numbered hundreds," he said, "but as we invariably refer them back when illegible or calling for more than the maximum dose given in the dispensatory the consequence does not fall upon the patient."

"How do the doctors behave when advised of their mistakes?"

"Some take it kindly; others try to bluff the case through by saying that heroic doses were required; others get angry. I sent one prescription back to an eminent professor in this city. It called for half grain of strychnine to the dose. He tore it up, withdrew his patronage and wrote us an indignant letter, claiming that the prescription called for only 1-25 of a grain. He had destroyed our evidence and there the matter ended. One night I got a prescription calling for 120 grains of iodide of potassium in three powders, one to be taken every four hours. The regular dose of iodide is from five to ten grains. I sent a messenger to inquire, and the reply was the erasure of 'iodide' and the substitution of 'bromide.' The least consequence of the iodide would have been a furious eruption all over the patient, to which certainly his malady would not justly have entitled him, as he was suffering from delirium tremens."

"Do you have much trouble with quacks?"

"No. Quacks usually give very simple and harmless remedies. They know their incompetence and constantly fear arrest for malpractice should an accident occur. The quack, as a rule, confines himself to light cathartics, tonics and lotions, giving a child's dose to an adult and trusting to luck and nature to effect a cure. Most of them compound their own nostrums and thus make double profit, besides avoiding the placing of their errors on record. It is the regular physician and the physician of high standing who is most apt to be careless."

Another evil to which my attention was called is the habit of some physicians instead of specifying the dose and the time for its repetition, to give simply this general order: "To be used as directed." Perhaps several medicines have been ordered. The invalid may be in charge of an ignorant or forgetful nurse to whom this gives discretionary powers which may easily become fatal. I saw myself a prescription calling for Majendie's solution of morphia and marked in this way. Was not this criminal carelessness?

Medicines are often kept in the household after the illness for which they were prescribed has terminated. The direction of the physician has long since been forgotten. Another member of the family, perhaps a child, is taken down with some petty complaint, and the quondam patient prescribes a dose of the remedy used in his own case. How much shall he give? He looks at the bottle: "Use as directed." He thinks he remembers having taken a tablespoonful, so he administers that quantity. The sufferer grows rapidly worse. The doctor is sent for and finds a case of morphine poisoning. The bottle is produced. The doctor sees "Use as directed," and discreetly holds his peace. Perhaps death follows, and no one is the wiser.—New York World.

Daniel J. Rudd conducts, at Cincinnati, the only colored Roman Catholic newspaper in the United States. He is a young man and a fine orator.

The total production of coffee in the world is about 650,000 tons, of which Brazil alone produces about 300,000 tons.

WOMAN AS A JOURNALIST.

What the Chief Editor of "The New York Herald" Says on the Subject.

Dr. Hepworth, of The Herald, needs no introduction, as his clerical duties, his books and lectures to young men have made him known throughout the country. Dr. Hepworth is quoted by all who have met him as possessing the manners of a Chesterfield. He is of strikingly intellectual appearance, and invites confidence at sight.

"Be seated, please," he said kindly, as I entered the editorial office. With him I resolved to try other tactics than those I had pursued with his great rival. So I said:

"Dr. Hepworth, I want a position on The Herald."

"Yes!" inquiringly looking up with an encouraging smile, and adjusting his glasses as if to get a better view of the one who had made such a bold demand. "What can you do?"

"Anything," I replied, with a candor that was probably about as startling as it was true.

"Well, that's what The Herald is in search of. We want talent, and we are always glad to give everybody a trial. Sometimes we are compelled to search for the person we desire. Mr. Bennett has told me to allow every reporter to try writing editorials. I try first one and then another; and what if I am disappointed times innumerable? I am bound, some time, to find the talent we are in pursuit of, and when that occurs the reporter chosen has secured himself a permanent position. Just as soon as the man with that talent is found I'll transfer him from the reporter's room to the editorial desk.

"Do you object to women entering newspaper life?"

"No, I do not object; but still there are many things about it not suitable for women. I could not think of sending one to the police or higher criminal courts, as I could a man. Even if I did, the officials there would give her as little information as they could, in order to get rid of her, and very likely, just as she was leaving, the most important news would take place. Now a male reporter would stay there and hear and judge of the cases for himself. As all that the paper cares for is the news, it could not afford to be represented by one continually liable to lose important information. But crime and criminals, though important, do not engross all our columns, and there is much other work women can do, and do well. In this respect I might specify the gathering and writing of clerical, fashion and society news. Until, however, the public demand a different kind of news, so long will women be unable to serve as all around reporters. The very sources from which we obtain a larger portion of our news render it an impossible field for a woman. On account of the sensations and the scandals which are demanded by the present popular taste, a gentleman could not, in delicacy, ask a woman to have anything to do with that class of news. That is what bars her from reportorial success, absolutely."

"Do you favor employing women upon the work they can do?"

"Yes; because on such news matters they are preferable to men. But, do you know, they are a restraint in an office? The men do not feel at liberty to take off their coats or rest their feet on the desks; and then—I might as well add—they are too much of a guard morally. When they are within hearing men cannot give vent to their feelings in the language all grades of angry men employ; consequently the result is apt often to be serious." Here he looked up in a half dubious manner, as if to see what effect the statement had.

"Then, if you are not opposed to women, why don't you employ more?"

"Because, the work which they can properly do being limited, there is no demand for their services. We have a woman, an old journalist, whom we are sending to Ireland. If a woman has the same ability and the same means of securing news as a man, she has the same chance upon The Herald. What we demand is the best, and we don't care what form it comes in. When we find what we want we are willing to keep it at any price."—Nellie Bly in Pittsburg Dispatch.

Testing Superstitious Fancies.

Some time ago, in a conversation with a gentleman from the country, an instance of superstition was brought to my attention that was different from anything I had ever heard, though it may not be new to some of you. "A horse died for me last spring," he said, "and I asked a neighbor to hitch a pair of horses to the carcass and drag it out to the woods. He seemed unwilling to do so, and I offered to compensate him. 'Oh, it isn't that,' he replied, with an embarrassed air. 'It's a bad thing to do. It is quite likely that one of the horses will die within the year.' I hooted at the superstition. 'I've known it to happen more than once,' he said, with a dubious shake of the head. He finally consented, accepted $1, and hauled the dead horse to the woods."

"And did one of the horses die?" I asked. "Inside of ten weeks," was the prompt reply.

Now, the story was true, but the explanation was sheerest nonsense, and yet I'll venture to say that you can't beat it into the head of the farmer who lost the best horse of the pair. The great mistake in connection with testing superstitious fancies is that we are apt to make a note of the one instance in which they come true, and neglect to make a note of the other nine instances in which they fail.—"Observer" in Philadelphia Call.

A young man standing in the crowd at the bow of a Jersey bound ferryboat on Tuesday evening suddenly gave a yell, and scowling at a well dressed man at his side, elbowed his way through the crowd and hid himself in the cabin.

"What did you do to him, George, to make him jump so?" asked a Newarker.

"Just touched him on the back of the hand with my cigar," answered the well dressed man quietly. "His fingers were busy on my watch chain and I burned him, that's all."—Newark Call.

A Story of Lincoln.

Abraham Lincoln was on one occasion trying a case in Sangamon county, Ills., against a very able lawyer, who made such a convincing speech to the jury that Mr. Lincoln saw that it had produced an impression. The gentleman was not only precise in his oratory but in his dress, and Mr. Lincoln saw a flaw in his usual faultless attire. "Gentlemen of the jury," said "Old Abe," when he arose to speak, "the gentleman who has just spoken has made a strong argument. He has quoted the law and evidence, and it is not for me to say that he is wrong. He may be correct in all he has said. But I want you to take a good look at him. Look especially at the upper half, and then, gentlemen, tell me if any man who comes before you with his standing collar buttoned 'wrong end to,' with the points sticking away out behind his ears, may not be altogether mistaken in all his arguments." The plan was successful. Mr. Lincoln had broken the spell which the eloquence of his opponent had thrown over the jury.—Ben: Perley Poore.

I SHALL FIND REST.

A little farther on—
There will be time—I shall find rest anon;
Thus do we say, while eager youth invites
Young hope to try her wings in wanton flights,
And nimble fancy builds the soul a nest
In some far crag; but soon youth's flame is gone—
Burned lightly out—while we repeat the jest
With smiling confidence—I shall find rest
A little farther on.

A little farther on
I shall find rest; half fiercely we arow
When noon beats on the dusty field and care
Threats to unjoint our armor, and the glare
Throbs with the pulse of battle, while life's best
Flies with the flitting stars; the frenzied brow
Pains for the laurel more than for the breast,
Where love soft nestling waits. Not now, not now,
With feverish breath we cry, I shall find rest
A little farther on.

A little farther on
I shall find rest; half sad, at last, we say,
When sorrow's settling cloud blurs out the gleam
Of glory's torch, and to a vanished dream
Love's palace hath been turned, then—all depressed,
Despairing, sick at heart—we may not stay
Our weary feet, so lonely then doth seem
This shadow haunted world. We, so unblest,
Weep not to see the grave which waits its guest;
And feeling round our feet the cool, sweet clay,
We speak the fading world farewell and say:
Not on this side—alas!—I shall find rest
A little farther on. —Century

For three miles the bank behind the towpath is very high and compactly built, with willows thickly planted, a veritable bulwark against the Delaware, which sweeps along a short distance away. In the spring the river comes up to the very banks, and is a constant source of danger. At such times the path walker is on duty day and night, plugging the smallest holes with sod, filling in where the rain has started a gully, and building the bank higher where it has washed away. In ordinary times each walker has a stretch of fourteen miles to watch. He walks down the towpath one day and back on the heelpath the next, with a shovel or pick to make repairs, or armed with a scythe to trim the briers, ivies and elders. His worst enemy is the muskrat, whose holes, running far into the bank, may at any moment make an outlet and become a dangerous break. Against these ravages the company supply a special guardian in the person of the ratter. The whole length of the canal is divided up among several men who make it their business to trap muskrats all the year round. They use an ordinary steel trap without teeth, which they set as near as possible in the path of the main entrance or regularly used track to the rat hole. The men are paid wages by the day, and the noses and tails are redeemed by the company at fifteen cents once a month. The pelts belong to the ratter, and are cured by him, to be sold later at an average of about eighteen cents each. Any rat trapped within a mile of the canal is a legitimate catch, and a day's work is from ten to fifteen.

"What harm can a rat do a mile away?" asked Scraps.

"He may come over here any fine morning, and if he don't, his children will. You can't count on a rat till he is skinned. I have been trapping them thirteen years, and I don't know all their ways yet. Sometimes they are too cunning to go within ten feet of a man's track, and other times they will walk into a bag and lie down."—"Snubbin' Through Jersey" in The Century.

Salaries not Allowed.

William Gill, the stage manager, has had a varied experience, and the other evening told some friends a story which is rather amusing. In the early 70s, when the Black Hills excitement arose, Mr. Gill landed in San Francisco from Australia, where he had been playing, and in a short time was getting along toward the bottom of his pocket. Rumors of the boundless wealth to be had almost for the asking in the Black Hills were flying thick and fast, and thither Gill concluded to go. His remaining money carried him a little way, but there were 300 miles of wild country yet to cross. Gill was plucky and bound to reach the Hills, and he tramped every foot of the way through a region alive with hostile Indians and where a white man's face was a rarity. He pulled through safely, and one day entered one of the new towns which had sprung up in the Hills country without a copper in his pockets and faint from hunger. There was a variety theatre, of course, and into the manager's office he walked and asked for work.

The manager was a tough of the toughs who talked through his teeth and was as spry with his fists as with his pistol.

"What can you do?" he snarled.

"Anything," answered Gill.

"All right. I'll give you $25 a week, and you can go on to-night."

Gill worked faithfully for a week and then walked up for his salary.

"Here it is," said the manager, "and I don't want you no longer."

"What's the matter? Isn't my business all right? Don't I earn my salary?"

"All right? Why of course it is. You're a daisy. But I have to pay you your salary. I ain't going to pay no salaries in this shanty. All the other ducks what works for me owes me more at the end of the week than I owes them. That's the way I get even. You'll have to skip."

And Gill had to seek another engagement elsewhere.

"I have the worst time in the world convincing my people of the real facts about mirages on the Colorado desert," said Conductor Tom Williamson, of the Atlantic and Pacific road, to a reporter.

"Twenty miles out from Mojave, on my run, and all across the desert every morning just after sunrise, you see everything. You'd think you were right on the bank of a river, but you never get to it. Then again you see a magnificent lake, the color of an emerald—no go, no lake, can't get to it. And bless my stars, though I run over that road every day, and see these scenes over and over again, I can't bring myself to believe I don't see water. Well, if it's difficult for me, how much more difficult is it for the passengers?

"Between my own superstitions about these things, if you may call them such, the questions of a fresh grist of passengers every day, and my regular duties, you may be sure I have enough to do.

"I have heard of ghosts hovering around and bothering railroad trains. I never saw any ghosts—that is, none of those things dressed in white—but I'll tell you what I did see once. It was two weeks ago last Monday morning. The sun rose just as we were crawling out of Fenner, which is a station 200 miles east of Mojave. It tipped as glorious a lake as I ever saw, all in an effulgent glow. Upon that lake, moving to and fro in boats, was a myriad of people. Gliding hither and thither, the scene reminded me of the realization of a strange mythological tale. It appeared to me as though there were a thousand people on that lake, big and little, old and young, male and female.

"It was as if the whole thing was in pantomime, and then all at once the 'thing,' or whatever it was, disappeared. I was scared. Upon my word I was. I have a sort of notion that I'll get a new route. The botgobblins on those mirages alarm me."—San Francisco Examiner.

AGITATORS AT SEA.

HENRY GEORGE AND DR. M'GLYNN BATHING AT LONG BRANCH.

Lookers-on Curious to See How the Two Notables Would Take to the Chilling Waves—Dignity and Nerve—A Swimming Race.

A few days ago the bathers at one of the beaches were surprised by the sight of two well known faces at the top of a pair of wretched looking, ill fitting suits approaching the surf. Not that these suits were any worse than the others in sight at the time; they were on the same pattern as all the concessions to the proprieties peddled out to men who want to take a plunge bath in public. But these faces were so particularly well known that their situation seemed grossly incongruous. One was a tall, heavy man, with a smoothly shaven cheek, chin and lip. His eyes looked out with a grave expression from under shaggy brows; his head was bent forward slightly as he walked, and the broad shoulders seemed to have been rounded with toil over books; his limbs, like his body, were too heavy for symmetry. At his side was a little man whose bald crown came only to the big man's shoulders. He wore a full red beard and mustache; he carried his finely formed head very straight and swung his arms to and fro as he walked; his body and limbs formed in good proportion, indicating considerable athletic power.

The first was Dr. Edward McGlynn and the second Mr. Henry George. All the bathers stopped their tumbling to watch them, and the spectators in the pavilion and on the sands concentrated their attention upon them. Everybody undoubtedly was curious to see how they would take to the chilling water. They approached the surf without hesitation, and as a little wave splashed up against the white calves of their legs they were not seen to flinch. They marched out into the sea as if entering their native element, with dignity and nerve. When the water had reached their thighs, Dr. McGlynn stooped over and doused his head with a double handful of the brine and then walked on. Mr. George did not cease to swing his arms back and forth until he was so deep in the tide that he would have had to crook his elbow to keep his hands out of the wet. Then, as calmly as if the temperature of the water was above eighty, he took a header, folding his hands together in front of him, and disappeared entirely beneath a big green wave. Dr. McGlynn was left alone, and he waded a little further on, watching for his companion to reappear.

When Mr. George came to the surface he made out to sea with a long, powerful stroke, but in half a minute turned over on his back and sung out to the doctor that the water was good. Dr. McGlynn at this took a plunge. It was not a graceful dive, like that of his intellectually twin brother, but a simple sinking into the wave without even ducking his head. He swam after the editor, who waited for him to catch up, when they set out together towards the raft, moored a long distance from the shore. They did not go more than half way there, but it was beyond the point where the crowd was amusing itself. There they turned about and slowly made for the beach. Mr. George swam most of the time in the straightforward way adopted by Sundstrom, but the doctor took the greatest enjoyment in lying motionless on his back. He lay thus for two or three minutes at a time, with his eyes closed, while Mr. George thrashed about, swimming and diving and looking around him. Occasionally they spoke to each other, and several times bowed to acquaintances. In such cases the doctor smiled in a dignified way without opening his lips, but Mr. George did not hesitate to run the risk of a brackish mouthful from an impudent billow by calling out cheerfully to those who spoke to him.

A SWIMMING RACE.

They remained in the surf for more than half an hour, and the last thing they did was to take part in a race to the shore, though they were not aware that a race was in progress. They had swum out half way to the raft again. Near the point where they turned about were three young men who agreed among themselves to swim back to the shore with the agitators, to see how fast they could go. The agitators were ignorant of this determination, and whether they swam as fast as they could is not known. But the three young men strained every nerve, and it must be said that they were not able to keep up with either Mr. George or the doctor. The latter was a little behind Mr. George at the finish, and appeared to be taking it easy, and he was two full lengths in advance of the best swimmer of the three young men. The distinguished bathers walked dripping back to their closets as they had gone to the water, Mr. George taking the lead, and followed closely by the stooping, massive figure of Dr. McGlynn.—New York Sun.

How Women Begin to Drink.

Out of an examination of 204 inebriate women I have found that 128 began their drinking by the use of beer, 37 by drinking whisky (as punch at first, usually), 20 began with wine, 8 with gin and 11 could not remember what beverage was first used. These young girls, mill and shop girls largely, began by going to some so called refreshment saloon with their friends, and the debutante usually began by sipping a little tonic (made of hops, sugar and water, charged with carbonic acid gas and colored with burnt sugar); beer soon followed, and soon rioting, other kinds of intoxicants, recklessness and crime; and what was an innocent, foolish girl yesterday, is today a branded criminal, and all for a glass of beer.—Godey's Lady Book.

Who Owns the Patent?

The general rule is that when a mechanic laboring for an employer in the construction of a machine invents a valuable improvement, the invention is the property of the inventor, and not of the employer. It may be that when an employer hires a man of supposed inventive mind to invent for the employer an improvement in a given machine, under a special contract, that the employer shall own the invention when made; the invention, if so made, would in equity become the property of the employer. — Joliet Manufacturing Company vs. Dice, Supreme Court of Illinois.

The Pet Dog in Paris.

The Parisian pet dog has almost as much care and money expended over his toilet as his fair mistress. The "confection" of doggy garments is so well recognized an industry in Paris nowadays, that it is said that there are nearly 4,000 persons engaged in it, and that the sum paid for their labors amounts to nearly a million dollars in the year. The canine dandy has his own dressing case, containing brushes, combs, sponges and other toilet appliances. He has his indoor and outdoor costumes and when he goes out walking puts on delicate doeskin boots to protect his feet from dust and dirt. He wears jewelry, too; if he be a smooth coated terrier, he will wear just above his left fore foot a plain gold bracelet adorned with his mistress' monogram; if he be a rough coated terrier, he wears a collar with his lady's manuscript set in it.—Home J[illegible]

A LESSON FROM THE BLACKBIRD.

Blackbird! with so clear a note
Hidden in thy dusky throat,
Sing thy sweetest; flowers of May
All too quickly pass away.

Blackbird! little earnest thou
If they go, or when, or how;
'Tis for man to live corroding
Present pleasure with foreboding.

Let me, then, be taught of thee
Anxious care and thought to flee;
He who dreadeth each to-morrow
Must perforce have double sorrow.

—Anon.

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

How a Scotch Sailor Carried Off a Cargo of Cotton Under Difficulties.

The following story is told of how Capt. Wilson, who ran the blockade seventeen times during the war, saved a valuable cargo from a Federal blockading vessel:

He was in command of a large blockade runner which had safely entered one of the southern ports. He attempted to escape during a fog in the evening; the fog suddenly lifted and he found he had nothing but a swift pair of heels to rely upon, for a Federal cruiser was within range of him. The Federal fired across his bows, but the captain took no notice beyond putting a little extra weight on the safety valve. His decks were piled high with cotton, which formed an excellent protection against small arm fire. The Federal now opened the ball in good earnest, and shell after shell churned the water into foam around, but not one struck her. Just as she was getting out of range, however, a shell penetrated the side and lodged in the boiler, and the vessel was helpless. She had considerable way on her, so, though sinking, she was headed for shore.

The Federal ceased firing, and watched the disabled vessel until at last she was beached, half full of water. Capt. Wilson and his crew fled to the shore, and saw the Federal send off a boat to inspect their capture. Satisfied that the vessel was completely disabled the Federal steamed off to her station in the assured hope that she had settled Capt. Wilson this time. The misfortune, however, did not daunt him. He made his way to a neighboring plantation, obtained the assistance of a number of the hands, and as soon as the captor was out of sight and the tide had receded, unloaded the bulk of the cotton. With the assistance of a blacksmith he repaired the hull by riveting iron plates inside and outside the shot hole and filling the interspace with tar and cotton. The water in the boiler had put out the fuse of the shell; so, extracting his iron visitor, he riveted new plates over the hole and made, with the assistance of his engineer, a strong if not very presentable repair.

The cotton was reshipped, and in the early gray of the morning as the Federal captain appeared in the offing to take possession of his prize he beheld her steaming away to England as if nothing had happened, while a contemptuous salute from Capt. Wilson's single gun gave him a forcible idea of the resources of a "canny Scot" in a corner.—Chambers' Journal.

THE SCIENCE OF SAILS.

Points That Yachtsmen and Catboatmen May Value.

Like a bird's wing, the first need for all effective sail is a rigid leading edge or weather leech; obtained in the square and lugsails by the drag of a bowline, in the lateensail by the yard or bone of the sailwing itself, in staysails by the rigidity of the mast or supporting stay and in jibs by the powerful hoisting purchase and use of chain for halyards. Before the introduction of chain, the jib, like the first string of a violin, was constantly getting out of tune and in want of setting up. Another point in a good sail is that the after edge, when held in place by the sheet, should be as nearly upright or vertical as the seams of the sail, and, like the after edge of a wing, unconfined by anything more than a hem or lightest of rope, save where a reefband requires strength.

The cloth at this end of a jib is at times seen shaking while the rest of the canvas is still as though frozen, and it is better the wind should pass it freely so than be girt in or held by it. The cloths of a jib are cut a little convex upon the leading edge, and unless the position of the sheets were carefully fixed with respect to this convexity, the luff of a jib would be concave instead of straight when roped and hoisted.

There is an old sea saying, often used, too, by landsmen without knowing why, viz.: "I knew him by the cut of his jib," a jib really having more cut about it than other sails.

Though few practical sailmakers or users of them know really much about algebraic formula, they have their rules, handed down to them from old time, for cutting out sails; and, as wind and water are very conservative elements, they seldom go far wrong. Among these rules is that working by thirds—that is, when at a loss as to the best proportion for one thing toward another, to take a third. The boat always takes her third of the fish caught, a yard of a lug sail is slung a third from the end, the most convex part of the jib is at one-third of the luff from the tack, and the sheet exactly opposite the point. A pious adherence to his old mystery saves much calculation and trouble, and when shipbuilders thought a third a good proportion of beam to length, a fair amount of stability was insured to our ships. Sailors speak of a sail as lifting or pressing quite independently of its power of driving a vessel ahead. All jibs are lifting sails, which do their work with least tendency to [illegible] vessel's lee side down. They are safe sails for [illegible] or veer round under the wind; hence, perhaps, the term "jibe." The angle at which the weather edge of a jib stands has much to do with this lifting quality, for a cutter's foresail, though triangular, is not found a lifting sail. Next to a jib, the sail which has most of this power is no doubt the lateen (latin?) sail of the south, particularly as set upon the foremast of a felucca, while the splendid lifting power of the lateen sail may have led to its being subdued as the head sail in the strange combination of rigs seen in the Turkish vessel which is known as a zebun.—Robert Leslie in Harper's.

Cheating a Restaurant.

A down town restaurant keeper discovered a novelty in petty swindling the other day. "In a walk down the room between the tables," he said, "I happened by accident to notice that a certain regular customer had a thirty-five cent lay out before him. When he came to the desk here to pay he tendered a twenty cent check. I quietly named over the dishes he had had, and without a word he paid the bill and went out. Then I called up the waiter who had served him, and was going to discharge him for giving a wrong check, but he brought the head waiter to prove that he had put the right one on the table. At that a waiter from another part of the room came to the desk on an errand and overheard what we were talking about, and at once was able to tell how the customer got the twenty cent check. This other waiter had served him with a twenty cent lunch the day before. When the young [illegible] eaten it he called for a check. [illegible] given him, although the waiter [illegible] had already given him one. [illegible] stole the first check [illegible] lunch next day for a [illegible] waiters got their [illegible] over they come [illegible] mouth the [illegible] with [illegible] all [illegible]